

SPECIMEN;
CONSISTING OF
Extracts and Epifodes
From a POEM call'd
GIDEON;
OR, THE
RESTORATION of ISRAEL.

Printed, and given *gratis*, that a Judgment may be form'd of the Twelve Books in general, which are once every Month publish'd separately in Folio, (but may at last be bound together in one handsome Volume) adorn'd with fine Copper Cuts, and entertaining Reflections distinct to each Book, after the Manner of Essays, on Subjects Historical, Critical, Geographical, Political, Military, &c.

BOOK I. is now publish'd. BOOK II. just ready for Publication; and the rest will continue to come out Monthly, and may be had at most Booksellers in London and Westminster.

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EXTRACTS AND EPILOGUES
FROM A POEM CALLED
GID EON
OF THE

RELIGION OF ISRAEL

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*Attempt against GIDEON, and the Miracle
of the Fleece.*

From BOOK III.



E Spoke, and the Will-wav'ring Multitude,
 Aw'd and hush'd but just before,
 Found their first Purpose strait renew'd,
 And burst, assentive, into savage Roar :
 Thus o'er wide Commons, near some Country-
 Town,
 The Thistle's light and breath-obeying Down
 Hangs on the Air, a Play-thing for the Wind,
 Bows to each Breeze, and can no Balance find :
 Now near the Ground sinks indolently slow ;
 Now rises rapid on the Gale, and dances high and low.
Baal's crafty Priest, in Choice of Season learn'd,
 At once th' Advantage gain'd discern'd ;
 From the next Man he snatch'd a weighty Spear ;
 Follow me bravely, every Soul, said he,
 Who dares serve *Baal*, and does not *Gideon* fear :
 Whose Power is greatest now we soon shall see ;
 Let *His* God smile on *Him*, and *Mine* on *Me* !
 So saying, to a distant Gate with Speed
 He led the Way, and after rush'd the Throng :
 This Gate was guarded now with little Heed ;
 For when the Multitude had swept along,
 With vow'd Resolve the Senate's Hall to scale,
 The Soldiers, fearful they might *there* prevail,
 Swift-quitting their Out-Posts, had hasten'd all,
 To join that Party which maintain'd the Hall.

By this new Chance surpriz'd, the Gate gave way;
 Thro' the wide Arch, with wedg'd and boist'rous Sway,
 Pours the mad Multitude in shouting Swarms,
 With horrid Faces, wildly mix'd, and Rage-collected Arms.
 Pierce o'er the Mountain raves th' impatient Throng,
 And with the Rush of Ruin roars along.
Sicilian Aetna thus Eruption makes,
 When melted Metals over-fill, and swell her sulph'ry Lakes:
 Thro' the Hill's Mouth out bursts the flaming Tide,
 And rolls in blazing Torrents down her Side,
Rampant, the fiery Streams unchained flow,
 And scorching dreadful, burn up Woods, and surge the Plains below.

Joash, who found his House design'd for Prey,
 Had timely, through a Postern, made his Way:
 And while with animating Vows in vain
 He urg'd his Men th' Approaches to maintain,
Gideon appears, returning from the Plain.
 To meet him, frighted at his Sight, the tender Father flies,
 Tells the near Danger, and with wat'ry Eyes
 Thus the safe Counsel of his Love applies:
 O *Gideon*! Valiant as thou art, by Flight thy Ruin shun,
 Never, 'till now, did I thy Presence hate;
 Pity thy Father's Fears, my too brave Son!
 Nor to his Load of Age add thou the Weight
 To make him Witness of thy bloody Fate.
 While he yet spoke, the Noise grew near and loud,
 And rising Dust proclaim'd th' approaching Crowd.
Gideon observ'd it, and with pious Care,
 Thus gen'rous, interrupts his Father's Prayer,
 Rev'rend and wise, whose Words have been my Laws,
 Fear were dishonest in a righteous Cause:
 That God, who my unworthy Hand has chose,
 Forbids *His Soldier* to avoid his Foes:
 Let 'em come on ----- They who in Numbers trust,
 Raise tow'ry Models, but they build with Dust.
 He said, and saw the Multitude at Hand,
 And snatch'd his Father in his pious Arms;
 Ran with him to the House, with loud Command,
 That he by Force should be detain'd from Harms:
 Then careful chose a rising Ground, the most conspicuous Place;
 And stood the great Protector of his Race.

As when *Numidian* Huntsmen, in full Cry,
 Pursue the tim'rous Stag with greedy Eye,
 If, turning short upon some winding Way,
 They meet a *Lion* grimly couch'd for Prey;
 Sudden the Dogs start back, and cowering low,
 Creep trembling from him, and their Chase forego;
 So the transported and tumultuous Throng,
 Mad with their Rage, and rushing wild along,
 When, unexpectedly they *Gideon* saw,
 Fell off confounded, and oppress'd by Awe:
 Back'ning they gaz'd at Distance on his Face;
 Admir'd his Posture, and confess'd his Grace.

His

His Right-Hand grasp'd his planted Spear with fierce and manly Pride ;
 His Left was bent, and rested on his Side :
 Half frown'd his Brows, resentful Wrath to feign,
 But his bright Eyes still'd keen with sharp Disdain.
 The Priest of *Baal*, who stood most near,
 Felt his Joints loosen with restless Fear ;
 And heartless dropp'd his useless Spear.
 The Hero saw, and pitied their Surprise,
 And slow disarm'd the Rigour of his Eyes :
 Then, with a Voice distinct, the Silence broke ;
 And thus with high reproachful Air to the mix'd People spoke.

Blood-thirsty Waiters of your Father's Fame !
 Proud of your *Woes*, and wanton in your *Shame* !
 Why stop you short ? Why quench your threat'ning Flame ?
 Your *Souls* are worthy of your *Aim* :
 Baseness, by Nature, does all Danger hate ;
 Well hang you therefore on my Hopes with all your Coward Weight,
 To *crush* a Worth you dare not *imitate*.
 Yet whence does all this Rage of Anger flow ?
 Is it to *Baal* *prophan'd* you Vengeance owe ?
 Weak God ! Does he by *You* Revenge command ?
 Rather let *Baal* the Foes of *Baal* withstand,
 And hurl Destruction from his own high Hand :
Omniscient, doubtless, he th' Offender *knew* ;
 Why did he not *prevent* Him too ?
 Rash Men ! By blind and wilful Zeal betray'd,
 Are you your God's Protectors made ?
 Shall *Baal*, who could not save *Himself*, have Pow'r to give you Aid ?
 Not thus, That living God your Fathers knew,
 Suffer'd His Servants His great Work to do :
 His dreadful Sword his own Hand drew,
 And, from his own High Vengeance fir'd, His blasp'rous Lightning flew.
 This *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram* try'd,
 Resisting *Moses* with rebellious Pride ;
 While in Him they God defy'd,
 Deep, in the swallowing Earth's wide Yawn, o'erwhelm'd with Fire
 they dy'd.
 Not passive thus, in His own Cause,
 Stood the Almighty Founder of our Laws ;
 When, promising Success to *Jeshua's* Arms,
 At the humble Horn's Alarms
 Proud *Jericho* with trembling Horror falls ;
 And *Israel* enter'd her at Ease, led o'er her prostrate Walls.
 Not thus, our All-controlling God's Command
 Claim'd mean Protection from his People's Hand,
 When, vowing Vengeance on our Foes,
 To lengthen'd Slaughter he decreed their Force ;
 While, at his Check, the halting *Sun* twelve Hours no higher rose,
 And the arrested *Moon's* pale Beams hung quiv'ring in their Course.
 Ungrateful, stubborn, ill-discerning Men !
 Why are you now less bless'd, than were your Fathers then ?
 Is *Amalek* more mighty on your Lands,
 Than when you chas'd him o'er his native Sands ?
 But Four of *Midian's* Kings are now your Foes ;
 Five against meek and Age-worn *Moses* rose :

Twelve Thousand *Hebrews* those *Five* Kings o'erthrew,
 These *Four*, base Difference ! twelve whole Tribes pursue.
 Does hostile *Moab's* present Prince excel
 That *Egion*, who by *Ehud's* Dagger fell ?
 Or do your unmann'd Tribes in Bondage wait,
 'Till some brave *Woman* rise to save the State ?
 Some second *Deborah*, skilful to inspire,
 And warm our heartless Sex with Female Fire.
 Go---- Since you burn with such resistless Rage,
 Go, and triumphantly your *Foes* engage.
 Late, when so near their shadowy Legions lay ;
 When on yon Plain, with *Israel's* Plunder gay,
 Full in your *Sight* they shar'd your Flocks as Prey,
 And led your Wives and Infants Slaves away ;
 Then was a Time this *Fury* to display :
 But you a safer War, it seems, require,
 Nor to such dang'rous Victories aspire :
 Safely secure from the brave *Foe* you fly ;
 And those, who would redeem your State, ingloriously defy.

He stopp'd, and speechless Shame, with Terror mix'd,
 Oppress'd the aw'd and quaking Multitude ;
 In list'ning *Wonder* they before were fix'd,
 And silent *Expectation* now ensu'd.
 Breathless and panting 'twixt their Haste and Fear,
 The rev'rend *Elders* had pursued the Crowd,
 With the twelve *Levites* in their awful Rear ;
 Soon they came up, and pressing near,
 The Voice of *Gideon*, sweetly loud,
 Wasted his charming Musick to their Ear :
 Then, with impatient Rapture fir'd, thro' the thick Throng they press'd,
 On the young Hero laid their Hands, and his great Purpose bless'd,
 And loud to Heav'n their Thanks address'd ;
 That *Heav'n*, which still remember'd *Israel's* Care,
 And promis'd now a glorious *Judge* to raise her from Despair.

Baal's Priest by slow Degrees, with straining Eyes,
 Wak'd into Reason from his late Surprise ;
 Much his confounded Thought revolv'd th' Affright,
 Which o'er his Soul rose cold at *Gideon's* Sight ;
 Fain wou'd he still believe his *Vision* true,
 But wonder'd then, whence his Confusion grew :
 And why, if *Baal* inspir'd his Breast, he had not arm'd it too,
 Dim flam'd his *Zeal*, while he with conscious Awe
 The *Levites* more refin'd Devotion saw.
 His Taper, form'd for gross and gloomy *Night*,
 Was over-whelm'd with *Day* so pure and bright,
 And, swallow'd in the pow'rful Shine, lost half its trembling Light.
 At last recover'ing Strength enough to doubt,
 Thus the Remains of his Distrust were faintly murmur'd out.
 Much I applaud, brave Youth ! your gen'rous *Aim* ;
 But have a Care, lest rash Pursuit of Fame
 Disguise *Ambition* with *Religion's* Name.
 Great was your God, if what we hear from you,
 And have been told by others too,
 Be not far more *tradisional*, than true.

These Wonders, which our *Fathers* boast t'have known;
 Why are they not to us too shown?
 Or is your God with Age, now, weaker grown?
 Ev'n of this *Baal*, whom you defy, we also can unfold
 Infinite Wonders, pompously enroll'd,
 But one new Proof wou'd more convince, than twenty thousand *aid*,
 He said; and Numbers, list'ning to his Voice,
 Th' Impression of his impious Doubt receive;
 If God, they cry'd, has of thy Hand made Choice,
 Give us one *Miracle*, and we believe.

Gideon, disdainful, heard the unfaithful Cry,
 And, all unable to comply,
 Some angry Answer meditates, and thoughtful rolls his Eye.
 Strait from a bushy Covert, close behind,
 Rush'd a grim *Lion*, furious after Prey:
 To seize some *Sheep* the hungry Beast design'd,
 From a fair Flock, which there at Pasture lay:
 High o'er his Back, his Tail, turn'd upward, wav'd,
 Rough and thorn-rangled hung his shaggy Main;
 His lank Sides, pining, miss'd the Food he crav'd:
 Red were his Eyes, and sparkled on the Plain,
 He saw the Crowd, and with tremendous Stare,
 Stood fix'd a while in savage Glare;
 Then, with a Roar, that shook the Mountains round,
 Sprung out, and like a Tempest skim'd the Ground:
 This was a *Lion*, that for many a Year
 Had in the craggy Hills dark Borders lain,
 And filling all the neighbouring Towns with Fear,
 Was hunted oft in vain

By the swift Horsemen, late encamp'd on *Jesreel's* grassy Plain.
 By frequent Danger taught to shun the Vale,
 Where in Times past his Hunger had been fed,
 The pinching Want of Food did now prevail,
 And led him searchful to the Mountain's Head;
 The frightened Flock, alarm'd, together rise,
 And bleating, helpless, skip in Crowds away;
 Fierce in Pursuit, the greedy Savage flies,
 And, while amidst the Multitude they for Protection stray,
 The Crowd, as much alarm'd as they,
 Roll o'er each other, wild with Dread, a large and general Prey.
 Close beneath *Gideon's* Feet, with joyful Roar,
 The leaping *Lion* stretch'd his Paws, and one poor Bleater tore:
 Back step'd the Hero, and grasp'd hard his Spear,
 And lifting high his bold and dextrous Arm,
 Thou shalt not safe return, said he, that dar'st advance thus near,
 Proudly intent on others Harms.
 Just then he saw the Beast in Act to rise,
 And, swift as Thunder, downward aim'd a Wound;
 Deep thro' the Monster's gaping Throat, the steely Weapon flies;
 Rage-kindled Fires flash'd dreadful from his Eyes:
 Th' imperfect Roar but half its Passage found,
 And the Limb-quiv'ring Beast lay stretch'd, nail'd, bleeding, to the Ground,

Th' astonish'd People their Applauses shout,
 And ev'ry busy Tongue their Wonder told:
 To the dead Lion garh'ring thick about,
 Th' extended Monster they with Joy behold;
 And much admire an Act so timely bold.
Gideon just then, with glowing Foresight fir'd,
 Stoop'd, by Heaven at once inspir'd,
 And, from the Wool disorder'd Ground,
 Gather'd the snowy Fleece, which late, the Lion's Paws had spread,
 Then freed his Spear from the triumphant Wound,
 And, wiping off its Blood dy'd Red,
 Wrap'd in a white and woolly Roll the Lance's shining Head.
 Approach, ye stubborn Infidels, said he,
 Ye, who are Sheep when ye shou'd Lions be!
 Once more, That God, who set your Fathers free,
 Unworthy as you are, will let you see,
 That *Israel* penitent, might prosperous be:
 This said, in his Left-Hand he took the Lance,
 And held it with its woolly Crown erect;
 Then rais'd his Right-Hand, with a slow Advance,
 And bow'd his Knee to Heav'n with deep Respect:
 Dumb, the hush'd Multitude, expecting gaz'd,
 All confounded and amaz'd,
 While *Gideon* thus invoc'd that God, who his new Hope had rais'd.

Thou, sacred, high, unutterable Name!
 To whom ungrateful *Israel* ow'd her Fame,
 To whose just Wrath she owes her present Shame:
 Pity thy harden'd People's hopeless Hearts;
 Grossly deceiv'd by Hell's too busy Arts;
 By some strong Influence force them to believe,
 And what their *Soul's* too blind to see, that let their *Sense* receive;
 If by thy Servant's weak and worthless Hand,
 Thou wilt save *Israel*, and her Power encrease,
 Let show'ry Rains descend at thy Command,
 And nothing dry remain, but this soft Fleece.

Scarce the powerful Prayer was spoke,
 When from the West a gradual Thunder broke;
 Continuous, and advancing still more strong,
 Grumbling, it roll'd in crackly Starts along:
 Fast after it thick garh'ring Clouds arise,
 And circling dusky, sadden all the Skies;
 First, a weak Wind with hollow Faintness sings,
 And shakes soft Moisture from its sleepy Wings;
 Now, the wet Breeze, with more collected Force,
 Thickens its Breath, and blows direct and hoarse:
 Then, the big Drops in drowning Fierceness fall,
 And rushing Rains come driving over all;
 Rebounding Torrents the hard Surface dash,
 And smoking Floods the darken'd Mountain wash.
 The People turn their Faces from the Show'r,
 And on their Backs feel the broad Car'act pour.
Sidon, mean while, upon the rising Ground,
 In a bright Ring the Heaven-taught Floods surround:

On *Him* no straggling *Drop* presum'd to fall,
 For o'er his Fleece a Sun-resembling Ball
 Roll'd, guardful round, to *slope* the Show'rs away,
 And show'd him, glitt'ring, in abstracted Day.
 Behold, ye unbelieving Souls ! he cry'd,

See, what a God you have defy'd !

And learn from this, who fights henceforth on happy *Israel's* Side :
 The People shout to Heav'n their raging Joys,
 And *Baal's* Priest, trembling, sickens at the Noise.

Once more, O God ! cry'd *Gideon*, yet once more,

Forgive me, if thy Favour I implore ;

Call off these drenchy Rains, which fote the Ground,

And, when all else is round me *dry*, ~~wet~~ let the Fleece be found.

God heard the Pray'r; and, swift as rapid Thought,

Th' arrested Show'rs to Heav'n are caught :

The beamy Sun again shoots down his Rays,

And burns, restor'd, with a triumphant Blaze ;

The brightning Skies unusual Glare display,

And crooked Lightnings, darr'd swift, with quiv'ring Lustre play.

As when some Whirlwind, circling, sweeps,

Driving the Straws and Dust in smoth'ring Heaps,

It clears the Surface in its winding Way ;

So the keen Radiance, lightning round,

In spiral Flashes travels low, o'er the wet hissing Ground,

And close adhering to the foted Soil,

With its blue Tongues licks up the Flood, and works with fiery Toil ;

The Fleece, mean while, which swelling Moisture fills

The ravish'd Crowd behold, with glowing Souls ;

From its soft Sides a trickling Stream distills,

And down the Hill in a long Current rolls ;

This when they saw, they on their Faces fell,

Struck with an Awe, which Hope cou'd scarce repell ;

They felt a pain-mix'd Joy, they cou'd not tell :

But one and all, with general Ardor fir'd,

Lead us, they cry'd, thou Chief, by God inspir'd !

Govern our State, and under thy Command,

Let *Ophra* first be blest'd ; then all the Land :

The People's Voice was here the Voice of God, &c.

Episode of Sareph and Hamar

From BOOK IV.

JOASH from *Ophra* now was come, dispatch'd by *Gideon's* Care,
 Attended by the lately pardon'd Ten ;
 These in the shortest Roads experienc'd were,
 All grateful, brave, and dext'rous Men :

But

But chiefly *Phurab* had a Soul too strong
 For Fortune's adverse Weight to strain or bend :
 Though low his Lor, his Mind cou'd upward tend :
He, much inur'd to grievous Wrong,
 Had mark'd that *Interest* was Mens common End ;
 And since his former happier Life such Misery did attend,
 He little hop'd his Woes wou'd make a Friend :
 But when by *Gideon's* noble Pity sav'd,
 He look'd more nearly thro' the Hero's Breast ;
 No more he mourn'd, that he was once enslav'd,
 But the delightful Misery blest ;
 Which, thro' the worst of Humane kind, thus led him to the best ;
 And burnt, impatient, with a gen'rous Aim,
 To serve his glorious Lord's Designs, and his high Worth proclaim ;
 Well mounted, and well arm'd, a trusty Guide ;
 He follow'd *Joash* with a chosen Train ;
 Who slow descending rough *Bethulia's* Side,
 Saw *Midian's* marching Host o'erspread the Plain ;
 And keeping near, had well observ'd their Way,
 'Till now encamp'd on *Rama's* Hills they lay.
Joash, unwilling to advance more nigh,
 'Till he had weigh'd their Aim, the following Day ;
 Resolv'd that Night beneath his Tent to lie,
 On a declining Spot, which charm'd his Eye ;
 And sloping to the River's Edge, was by a Forest crown'd :
 Half Wilderness, half Garden, wildly sweet,
 Where self-sown Rose-Trees shade the well-swarth'd Ground ;
 And o'er their fragrant Tops, thick-arching meet
 Wild *Orange* Trees, whose flow'ry Breath perfumes the Breezes round.
 Charms, which at once could all the Senses greet,
 And did, in unbought Store for each, with bounteous Care abound,

Low, on the River's grassy Brink, he sees
 A Meadow, shelter'd round with branchy Trees ;
 His Mules and Camels, there, he turn'd to graze,
 While higher in the Grove he stays,
 Beneath the Canopy to pass the Night ;
 Where the Highway, near bord'ring, reach'd his Sight ;
 Refresh'd by Sleep, he rose serene and gay,
 And walk'd abroad to see the breaking Day,
 With dawning Lustre, through the Boughs, in trembling Sallies play.
 Where-e'er he pass'd, the golden Fruit hung low,
 And dancing, wanton, bow'd to court his Hand,
 Proud of the Native Charms they had to shew ;
 While, from above, the sweet wind-wafted Flow'rs,
 Rain'd on his silver Hairs, in milk-white Show'rs ;
 Modest, the blushing Rose-Trees round him stand,
 And, rudely shook, weep Tears of pearly Dew ;
 And to his Smell send soft Complaints, and scent the Forest through.

Now, through the Grove, the thirsty *Sun* did his hot Face disclose,
 And drank the steamy Nectar as it rose ;
 When *Joash*, looking out upon the Plain,
 Beheld a comely Youth approach the Grove ;
 Weary he seem'd to walk, and full of Pain,
 As if against some inward Woe he strove ;

Close after him an ill-shap'd As he led,
 Whereon fate pensive, as in deep Distress,
 A lovely Woman, with declining Head.
 Rich in her Charms, but careless in her Dress;
 Often the Youth look'd back with am'rous Air,
 And mix'd much Tenderneſs with conſtant Care;
 Curious, and wond'ring what this Pair ſhou'd be,
Joſh ſate low, againſt a bending Tree;
 Whence, 'twixt the Buſhes, he unſeen cou'd ſee.
 When they the cloſe and ſheltry Umbrage gain'd,
 Soft in his Arms, the Youth his fair Companion took,
 Proud of the Burthen, his glad Graſp obtain'd,
 And with ſlow Step and love-directed Look,
 Chose a well-fwarth'd and ſhady Spot, and having plac'd her there,
 Sate down himſelf, and ſeiz'd her Hand, and ſigh'd with ſilent Care.
 Long on his Face, with bluſhful Innocence,
 And unſpoke Meanings fill'd, ſhe fix'd her Eyes,
 At laſt, with all Love's natural Eloquence,
 Thus her ſoft Soul, her trembling Tongue ſupplies.

O *Sareph* ! how capricious is our Fate !
 Sure, I was doom'd to Miſ'ry from my Birth ;
 While I was blind, and wou'd not know thy Worth,
 Then I had Power to give it a Reward ;
 But now, when thou haſt won my whole Regard,
 When ſick with Shame, I ſee how much I owe,
 And wou'd, with joyful Gratitude, beſtow ;
 I find my ſelf diſtreſs'd and poor, and loſt in Wilds of Woe :
 Why wilt thou ſhare in my afflicted State,
 And by partaking give my Grievs new Weight ?
 Leave me, too gen'rous Youth ! to bear ill Fate alone ;
 Let Pains to-come, paſt Pride atone ;
 Why, *Sareph*, ſhou'dſt thou die for me,
 Who thought it hard to live for thee ?
 Alas ! how hopeleſs, thus unknown, to roam !
 What can we meet *abroad* but *Miſery*,
 Who found no Friends at *Home* ?
 Wide is the World, my *Sareph*, and but few
 To pity the Unhappy are inclin'd ;
 Vaſt is the Sorrow we muſt travel through,
 And ſmall the Speck of Hope we go to find :
 Oh ! 'tis too hard to fall from Wealth and Fame,
 To pinching Hunger, and to pining Shame :
 Why live we longer then, ſince Life is curſt ?
 The *Beggar's* Lot is bit'ter than the Grave.
 Miſery's too patient, when ſhe waits the worſt ;
 By Death, at once, the Wretched and the Brave
 May mend their Fortune, and their Honour ſave :
 More ſhe had ſaid, but riſing Grief her breaking Voice oppreſt
 A-while, with ſpeaking Tears, ſhe look'd the reſt,
 Then ſigh'd, and with declining Head fell ſoft againſt his Breaſt,

Charm-cover'd *Hamar*, the ſad Youth reply'd,
 And half his Mantle o'er her gently threw ;
 Unus'd to Want, nor yet in Miſery try'd,
 Reſt, now, in Safety, by my guardful Side ;

Faint with thy Toils, and damp and cold, with Night's descending Dew.
 Sleep will refresh thee, and thou then may'st find
 Courage restor'd, revive thy waking Mind:
That Heav'n which help'd thee to escape thy Foes,
 Well thy wond'rous Virtue knows,
 And will pursue thee with Reward, where-e'er thy Beauty goes.
 Nor fear, that, being *Strangers*, and *unknown*,
 We wander, *hopeless*, o'er the World's wide Breast;
 Alas! *what Country can we call our own*,
 Who have at *Home* been thus oppress'd?
 Pity to *foreign* Woe is soonest shown,
 While Fear, or Envy, always robs *domestick* Worth of Rest:
 To flourish is the Way to be distress'd;
 And safe Obscurity lives still most blest.
 Want's heavy Hand shall never drag thee down,
 While I have Life to lavish for thy Sake:
 Fear nothing, let Storm-gath'ring Fortune frown,
 For ever, thus, thy Rest in Safety take,
 And on *my* Shoulders let the Tempest break.

Ev'n while he spoke, swift to the Grove there came
 Four straggling Plund'ers, who, from *Midian's* Host
 Stole out by Night, with predatory Aim,
 To rob and murder on this peopled Coast.
 These had, at distance, watch'd the mournful Pair,
 And, following to the Shade, surpriz'd them there.
Sareph resisting was o'erpower'd, and all the four agree,
 That bound upright against a Tree,
 Pierc'd by their Arrows, he dispatch'd (hou'd be):
 And now, with bloody Speed and fierce Intent,
 Their steely Bows stood strongly bent;
 The level'd Shafts were pointed from the Eye,
 And the Strings *struggled* with Desire to fly:
Hamar, beyond Description, stunn'd with Woe,
 Kneel'd, trembling, dumb, unfit for Pray'r or Flight;
 She felt herself a stiff'ning Statue grow,
 Nor knew she liv'd, but by the *Curse* of Sight.
Sareph, with swelling Indignation choak'd,
 Sometimes *Heav'n's* Help, sometimes the *four* invoc'd,
 Then, with mad Starts of Heat, their Rage provok'd:
 Now torn with Pity, now with Grief, convuls'd, he rolls his Eye,
 Now looks on *Hamar* with Despair, now hopeful on the Sky;
 Then stamps, and weeps, and strains his Bands, and wishes but to die.

Just in the fatal Point, one Soldier thus,
 With lifted Hand his Fellow's Purpose staid:
 What will this Stranger's Death advantage us?
 For Life, perhaps, a Ransom may be paid:
 If not — To kill him, will our Bliss with this fair Prize destroy.
 Make her distastful, sad and coy;
 And blast the very Spirit of our Joy.
 But for his Life she may, with willing Arms,
 Reward us with the Fulness of her Charms;
 Whose she shall be, by Lot may soon be try'd;
 Chance will impartially decide.

Brothers.

Brothers, reply'd another, 'twere a Shame;
 Shou'd *Lots* determine in a Soldier's Claim:
 With that, he hurl'd a Jav'lin from his Hand,
 And pierc'd the Trunk of a distinguish'd Tree:
 Now let us all, said he, at Distance stand,
 And he, whose Arrow, hither shot, most near this Mark shall be,
 His be the Claim, and the Possessor He.
 The rest, with joint Applause, Consent declare,
 And backward far, their Station chuse, and their best Shafts prepare.
 Thus they, suspicious of no Danger near,
 While *Joash* softly left his bushy Sear,
 And ran; with Pity touch'd, his Men to meet:
 Soon he discern'd them, and with earnest Cry,
 Sent his swift Summons to their willing Ear;
 They with a loud and general Shout reply:
 The *Midian* Archers hear the Noise, and quit their Prize, and fly.

Joash with cautious Foresight, check'd the Haste
 With which his rushing Guard pursu'd their Flight:
 On the Grove's Border, closely rang'd, a trusty File he plac'd;
 Defensive there, to watch with reachful Sight:
 Then to *Sareph* drawing nigh,
 And viewing the transported Youth with a Joy-sprinkling Eye,
 From the Flesh-furrowing Cords his Arms he frees,
 Who grateful bends with rapt'rous Thanks, and clasps his feeble Knees.
Hamar, mean-while, sunk spiritless away,
 And stretch'd upon the verdant Surface lay;
 Unable Passions wild *Extreams*, with Temper to sustain;
 Excess of Joy upon Excess of Grief,
 Drove back a Tide of strong-resisting Pain,
 And overwhelm'd her with too fierce Relief:
 But *Sareph*, kneeling earnest by her Side,
 Hung over her with Love's officious Care;
 A thousand soft and tender Arts he try'd,
 A thousand Times invoc'd th' unanswering Fair.
 Waking at last, to Love and Life, amidst a warm Embrace,
 Her op'ning Eyes flash'd sudden on his Face;
 Then round his Neck her eager Arms she threw;
 Unguarded Nature, thus surpriz'd, gave way;
 Recov'ring Life no nice Disguises knew,
 Passion, unfetter'd by Reserve, did its full Force display,
 And Ecstasy did Modesty betray.
 On either Side supported, slow she went,
 Guided by *Joash*, to his distant Tent;
 There, soft reclining, sought a short Repose,
 Her scatter'd Spirits to compose:
 While *Joash*, curious to enquire,
 What sad Occasion plang'd them in their Woe,
 Address'd the Youth, with mild Desire,
 The Story of their mournful Loves to know.
Sareph comply'd with the approv'd Request,
 And in these Words, with mingled Sighs, his wond'rous Tale express.

Tyre, fam'd for golden Splendor o'er the East,
 Gave Birth to *Rekem*, of a fair Descent;

But

But who, by honest Industry, his Wealth so much increas'd,
 That he, in Fortune's Race, all others far outwent;
 Yet was he not more blest than innocent:
 Rare were his Virtues, and his Soul as far excell'd the rest,
 As did his Wealth. — He was at once the richest and the best.
 None from his friendly Door were empty sent,
 He us'd his Heaps, but as a Treasure lent,
 To be dispos'd for others Good, and not in Pride mispent.
 He was the common Father of th' Opprest;
 To him, 'twas *Meris* but to be *Distress*:
 My self became an early Proof, how Pity sway'd his Heart,
 In helpless Infancy an Orphan left,
 At once of *Parents* and of *Food* bereft,
Rekem, that best of Men, assum'd a Father's Part,
 Sav'd me from Want's Soul-pinching Smart,
 And with a gen'rous Care and lib'ral Hand supply'd
 What my own Lot, less happy, had deny'd.
 This lovely *Hamar*, here, but now enslav'd,
 This fainting Charmer, whose dear Life your timely Succour sav'd,
 Was the good *Rekem's* lov'd and only Child;
 So soft her Nature, and so sweetly mild,
 That upon all the World, but me, she smil'd:
 With bold but fruitless Passion fir'd, long Time I strove in vain,
 The wish'd Reward of Lovers Sighs to gain;
 But she, who wept at *others* Woes, took Pleasure in my Pain.

Rekem's superior Wealth and Virtue too,
 On his just Aims, the grievous Weight of general Envy drew:
 Outshining all, he stirr'd up all Mens Hate,
 And stood a *Mark* for the distrustful State.
 They fear'd his Virtues, and his Wealth they sought,
 And secret Means, to work his Ruin, wrought:
 But long their willing Malice watch'd in vain,
 His Life unfully'd, white and pure, disclos'd no single Stain.
 Till Fortune pointed out, at last, a blind but fatal Way,
 At once her former Blessings to betray,
 And to the hungry Grasp of Pow'r gave up the long-wish'd Prey.
 Scarce past a Month, since from the *Midian* Host,
 Which now o'er conquer'd *Israel* wastful sways,
Zalmuné sent two Captains to our Coast,
 To mark our Strength, and well observe our *Ways*:
 These to *Tyre*, with vent'rous Aim,
 Perhaps, not uninvited, came;
 But while the City they with Care survey'd,
 They found themselves by some ill Chance betray'd:
 The House they lay in was beset by Night,
 And one was seiz'd, and one escap'd by Flight:
 The cautious State hence took Alarm;
 And strait resolv'd, defensively to arm:
 Maliciously inquisitive they find,
 That *Rekem* once, by publick Fame deceiv'd,
 To Strangers Converse ever much inclin'd;
 Had the two Spies as Travellers receiv'd;
 And feasted them with hospitable Care,
 Thoughtless, alas! how dang'rous Guests they were.

Vain was the just Defence his Virtue made,
 They seiz'd his Wealth, and on his Ruin prey'd :
 And as by Nature Men, who once have injur'd us before,
 Seek their own Safety from new Wrongs, and still oppress us more,
 So, with a blind and barb'rous Speed,
 They the good *Rekem* ev'n to Death pursu'd ;
 Drest'd Rapine in her solemn Form, and publicly decreed,
 That on the Morning, which ensu'd,
 Beheaded in the Market-Place, he shou'd for Treason bleed.
 But when to *Hamar's* Ear this News was brought,
 Who can describe the sad Effects it wrought ?
 Imagination may perhaps conceive her dreadful State,
 But 'twas a Misery of too much Weight,
 Too sharp, too mighty to relate !
 Long was her sad, her earnest Pray'r deny'd,
 To see her tender Father e'er he dy'd :
 At last the mournful Favour she obtain'd,
 And 'twixt two weeping Maids supported went ;
 Far in the Night together they remain'd,
 And the dark Hours in mutual Mis'ry spent,
 'Twixt loud Complaints, and silent Tears, and wild Astonishment.
 When *Hamar's* pious Hope, by Heav'n advis'd,
 Wisely contriv'd her Father's wish'd Escape ;
 In her loose Robes his Body she disguis'd,
 And cover'd with her flowing Veil his Grief-disorder'd Shape ;
 Then seeming weak with Woe, and drown'd in Tears,
 The good Old Man with artful Step, and bent and cover'd Head,
 Safe 'twixt the faithful Maids was from the Prison led :
 While *Hamar* in his Dress, half dead with Fears,
 Remain'd the Hostage of his Flight, and Saviour of his Years.

Heaven knows what Path the hapless *Rekem* chose,
 But he has since been vainly sought by his blood-thirsty Foes ;
 Mean while in Council the grave Chiefs of State
 Weigh the surprizing Deed with warm Debate ;
 Some, but, alas ! how few ! with generous Heart,
 Applaud the filial Piety, and her Discharge entreat.
 But far less just the general Voice agreed,
 That since regardless of the Laws she had her Father freed,
 She should again discover him, or in his Place should bleed :
 This she, tho' not expecting, bravely met,
 And sent for me her last long Leave to take ;
Sareph, said she, I die without Regret,
 Since my dear Father has escap'd their Net ;
 Nor would I wish to live, but for thy Sake :
 Long thy Love has faithful been,
 But thy great Merit was too lately seen :
 A Worth like thine, in such an impious Age,
 Might Hearts less sensible than mine engage :
 But Fate denies me now all Power of Choice,
 And all that I can give thee is my Voice :
 Were I to live, my Life henceforth were thine,
 Now *Death* requires me, and 'tis vain ignobly to repine.

By Chance this Jewel, rich in Price, remains,
 Sav'd from the general Wreck, and Secret kept;
 Take it, said she, 'twill ease your Life from Want's voracious Pains;
 Perhaps your Search (and there she wept)
 May once again my now lost Father find;
 'Twill somewhat comfort his afflicted Mind,
 In his Distress to see you kind.
 And even the little *This* may give to *shate*,
 The Gratitude of you, his Friend, and his dead Daughter's Care.

I took the Jewel, and o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
 Scarce found the Pow'r these Words to say
Hamar, fear Nothing, Heaven's thy Friend, and owes thee fare Relief.
 So saying, turn'd, and shot with Speed away.
 For in that Point of Time, &c.

—The Pair departed, and with busy Mind
 Wife *Joash* thro' the Grove reflecting stray'd;
 Fill'd with *Ideas* of God's Power and Goodness unconfin'd;
 In each Event discern'd to act, in every Place display'd;
 If downward on the *Earth* he bent his Eye,
 The party-colour'd Surface gaily dress'd,
 Grateful, her scented Off'rings breath'd to the Dew-shedding Sky,
 And Heaven's indulgent Hand confess'd,
 If he look'd upward to the Realms of Light,
 The glowing *Sun* blaz'd copious to his Sight;
 Illustrious Proof of Power immense, and Essence vastly bright;
 That first cou'd light up Day's broad Lamp, and guide the eyeless Night!
 If he the Prospect round him view'd,
 A vegetable Nation widely spread,
 With long, but humbler Life endu'd,
 Were in their Seasons, by God's Will, with genial Moisture fed.
 The lowing *Herd* in Nature's Lux'ry roll'd,
 Wallowing in verdant Beds of springing Grass;
 Air-sailing Birds, with broad-spread Wings, in Streams their Flight be-
 hold,
 And stooping wanton to the liquid Glass,
 With half-dipt Pinions skim the Floods, and sip 'em as they pass!
 In these, and in all Objects he could spy,
 Or with his gross, or intellectual Eye;
 The formful Hand of God, distinctly read,
 Amaz'd his Thoughts, and o'er his Soul a reverend Horror spread.

But while thus nobly he employ'd his Mind,
 Surrounding Shouts swell'd circling in the Wind;
 The Grove on every Side refoounded with Alarms
 Of mingled Voices, crackling Boughs, thick Steps, and clat'ring
 Arms, &c.

HUSHAI's Ambuscade.

From BOOK VI.

IN this close Valley, fearless of a Foe,
 Which yet at distance was suppos'd to lie;
 Haughty *Zalmunra*, spreading wide below,
 Encamp'd this Night for Want of Room on high,
 And temptred by delightful Springs that flow'd *Maudring* by.
 This *Hushai* well observ'd, and gay with Joy,
 Returning, thus th' impatient Brothers warms;
 Now shall we safely *Midian's* Host destroy,
 And with immortal Glory crown our Arms:
 Do you, brave Youths, two thousand Archers keep;
 And guard this craggy Path with careful Eye;
 So dark, so rough, so winding, and so steep,
 That Nature here might all Art's Pow'r defie,
 And to attempt by Force will be to die:
 Here then, well-posted, be your Worth display'd;
 Maintain this Passage 'gainst th' advancing Foe;
 While I march round behind yon Wood's high Shade;
 And close the Valley's Northern Mouth below;
 So shall th' unwieldy Strength of *Midian's* Pow'r
 Starve in our Snare, and without Blood be ours.

He said, and drew four Thousand out, and swiftly took his Way;
 Through the dark Forest on the Mountain's Head;
 Near the Streight's Throat, he saw their Outguards plac'd,
 And through a Path, which winding downward led,
 Unmark'd, he near the Northern Entrance pass'd.
 Swift he descends *within* th' important Post,
 'Twixt the snar'd Watchmen and the *Midian* Host;
 In idle Rings, engag'd in loose Debate,
 Securely careless they together sat;
 First he surrounds them, and with bloody Care
 Prevents by Death th' Alarm he fear'd, should he thro' Pity spare:
 Then cross the narrow Neck from Side to Side,
 Silent, with Speed the Passage they divide:
 Six Cubits deep a Trench they open wide,
 And casting outward the Earth's heapy Store,
 Farthest from *Midian's* Side a Bulwark raise;
 That done, to strengthen the Defence yet more,
 From the thick-wooded bord'ring Ways,
 They cut sharp Stakes, and from the rising Mound,
 Slop'd, threat'ning their presented Points, bristling the dreadful Ground;
 Ten deep, behind the Bulwark's skreeny Height,
 Two Thousand thick-rang'd Archers take their Post,
 Deadly to gall in sharp and distant Fight,
 And backward drive th' Escape-attempting Host.

Behind the bushy Rock's high Points, more inward toward the Foe,
 On either Side, in long and cover'd Line,
 He lodg'd a Thousand Bowmen, -- with Design,
 When thro' the Streights command'd Neck below
 The swarming Enemy shou'd outward flow,
 While from the Front the bulwark'd Bands their Bows shou'd level ply,
 These on the Hills shou'd show'r down Death from high,
 And piercing deep their Flanks expos'd, compel them back to fly.

Hushai exulting, thus prepar'd his Toils,
 And when both Passages were strong beset,
 To Shimron sent to bring him Aid, and share divided Spoils;
 For now snar'd Midian flounder'd in his Net.
 But while thus strong he barr'd the Northern Streight,
 Loud for a March Zalmunna's Trumpets sound;
 The Tents are struck, the Army moves in State,
 The Soldier's Shouts from Rocks to Rocks rebound,
 And War's big Voice fills all the Caverns round;
 Thoughtless of Hazard, and disdainful Fear,
 Southward along the Vale, their March they steer;
 Soon to the Pass, which Gideon's Brothers keep,
 Comes the bold Dan, and mounts the winding Steep,
 When, from behind the beamy Barricades,
 The craggy Coverts, and impervious Shades,
 Suddain a Shower of Shafts their Cohorts galls,
 And on their Heads a steely Tempest falls,
 Scarce had they Time to wonder at their Wounds,
 When their staid Host a Second Storm confounds:
 A Third and Fourth from ev'ry Side succeed;
 The halting Files drop thick, and gazo, and bleed:
 At last, by Flight impatient to be freed,
 They turn, and backward force their Way with fierce and headlong
 Speed.

In vain their Chiefs the rapid Press controul;
 Rank over Rank along the Cliffs they roll:
 As some blown Ship against a Tempest drives,
 And vain with all her Cables out wou'd ride;
 While from her Port the Wind the Vessel drives,
 All the dragg'd Anchors from their Hold are torn,
 And with the Bark, along the whelmy Tide
 In long dependent Float, unuseful borne,
 So the brave Captains, who their Flight withstand
 With threat'ning Voice and high directing Hand,
 O'erwhelm'd with Strength amidst the rushing Throng,
 Are in the should'ring Deluge swept along.

These Rocks, cry'd Zabab with impatient Mind,
 The Coward Hebrews have in Ambush hid;
 Go; bid my Heavy-arm'd advance with Speed,
 Cover'd beneath our brazen Targets Guard,
 Soon shall the Thickers by our Swords be freed;
 And the clos'd Mountain be by Death unbarr'd.
 Zalmunna heard him, and aloud reply'd,
 First let our Passage Northward be secur'd,
 That so, while this Assault is vainly cry'd,
 We find not our unwary Host immur'd:

'Tis no small Party, that dares stop us here;
 Nor is this Bar the worst we have to fear:
 While I with Zeb restore the Order broke,
 And rallying, guard against a second Stroke;
 Do you, brave Prince, your lightest Horsemen take,
 And thro' the Northern Streight impetuous break:
 E'er yet the Foe that dang'rous Neck possess,
 And close our Legions in, past all Redress.
 Zebah reply'd not, but with furious Look
 Chose out Three Thousand Horse, with Lances arm'd;
 Swift as they flew, the Ground beneath them shook,
 And the rais'd Dust th' expecting Foe alarm'd.
 Hushai smil'd hopeful at the promis'd Rout,
 And careful dealt his weigh'd Commands about;
 Each, by some proper Signal, knew his Share,
 And all attend their different Tasks with joint and equal Care.
 So on some wild and desert Mountain's Side,
 While Eastern Travellers in Consort ride,
 Lurks the close Tiger in his bordering Den,
 And waits th' advancing Train with hungry Ken;
 Stretch'd at full Reach, his Paws before him bent,
 And his long Body couch'd in low Extent,
 With watchful Eye he marks the lessening Way,
 And longs to leap on his expected Prey.
 Fast thro' the Streight the pouring Horsemen bound,
 The trampling Hoots beat thick the hollow Ground,
 And the Rocks murmur with the echoing Sound.
 But when arriv'd, their dang'rous State they learn,
 And the broad Bulwark with Surprise discern,
 As Men in Dreams from Danger seem to fly,
 And headlong over Hills and Vallies run,
 'Till some steep Precipice alarms their Eye,
 Too late observ'd the frightful Verge to shun;
 Then at the chilling Apprehension quake.
 And breathless, midst the unfinish'd Fall, with wild Amazement wake.
 So at this unexpected Sight unsou'd,
 Halting at once, their Purpose they with-hold,
 Vainly convinc'd of their endanger'd State,
 And taught the Benefit of Fear too late:
 They gaz'd not long, when from the Thickets round,
 Triumphant Shouts their tingling Ears confound,
 And while with general Start and wild Affright,
 Toward the high Shades they turn their trembling Sight,
 Ev'n in that Moment from the Breast-work nigh,
 Dark, as a Cloud, the Death-wing'd Arrows fly;
 From the first Ranks, with fair and level Aim,
 Full and point-blank the keen Destruction came;
 While from behind the random Shafts rose high,
 And feather'd Deaths rain'd sloping from the Sky:
 Raging they frown, and threatening, curse in vain,
 The Storm comes on too furious to sustain:
 Like those, who ride on Scythia's icy Coast,
 Thro' show'ry Winters, and o'er Realms of Frost,
 While the bleak Wind with cutting Fierceness blows,
 And in their Faces drives th' eternal Snows:

Shiv'ring, and whiten'd o'er, no Help they find,
 But shut their Eyes against the Flakes, and travel cold and blind.
 So, in confus'd and cowering Terror mix'd,
 Helpless, they wait th' expected Wounds, in chill Amazement fix'd,
 Numbers drop headlong to the Blood-dy'd Ground,
 And *twisting, painful*, with the Arrow's Smart,
 Tear the barb'd Heads, impatient, from the Wound,
 Burst *Veins*, and drag out *Sinews* with the Dart;
 And open *Death* wide Passage to their Heart.
 Some, in whose *Breasts* the pointed Missives lie,
 Sink in soft Slumbers, and in Vapours die,
 With misty Memory, and with swimming Eye.
 Others, whose Wounds no *Mortal* Part have found,
 Lost to Resistance, by the Force of *Dread*,
 Hold the Shaft hard, and look, despairing, round,
 Fearful, alike, to draw the forky Head,
 Or let the Pain-tipt Point descend, where Life's warm Regions spread.
 Heartless, at last, they sound a faint Retreat,
 And the slow Squadrons *wheel*, resolv'd to fly;
 Just then the flanking Bands, *above*, their winding Motion meet,
 With Shafts thick shot on either Side *from high*:
 As on a Sea-toss'd Vessel's Deck,
 Lab'ring for Way, which billowy Mountains check,
 The ratt'ring Hailstones rush with ratt'ling Sound,
 And leaping frightful from the Planks rebound;
 Then the forc'd Seamen from their Tackle fly,
 Wash'd from below, and barrer'd from on high:
 So 'twixt two Dangers did these Horsemen fare,
 Lost in Confusion, stupid in Despair:
 Wholly defenceless now, thus compass'd in,
 New Scenes of Death their dreadful Work begin:
 The wounded Horses feel with raging Pain
 The pricking Arrows in their Sides remain;
 Mad with the burning Smart they bear,
 Upright they rise, and pawing, beat the Air;
 Others, which feel the pungent Shafts hang goading them behind,
 Yerk out their Heels, revengeful, at the Wind,
 Or stamping wild in leapful Rings, spread wide a trickling Flood,
 And from their Fetlocks shake the show'ry Blood:
 Backward the Riders fall, and helpless lie,
 And press'd by trampling Hoofs, ignobly die:
 Mix'd in Confusion, Horse and Man are heap'd,
 And Death's red Harvest is at Distance reap'd.
 What shou'd they do? If at the cover'd Foe
 With random Rage they fruitless jav'lins throw,
 Thick from the Rocks rebounding, back the blunted Weapons leap,
 Or devious, glide along the bushy Steep;
 While, far more sure, from ev'ry Thicket's Range,
 The twanging Deaths come hissing in Exchange.

Hushai, who saw with Transport their Distress,
 High on the Bulwark rashly leap'd, this Insult to express:
 Why come you thus desponding on? (he cry'd)
 Can ye so soon remit so rais'd a Pride?
 Shall Subject *Israel* Midian's Arms restrain,
 And o'er her Conqu'rors shake the broken Chain?

Oh! Shame of War! e'er out of Reach you flee,
 Let some bold Leader dare but turn and die.
 He said, and planting his Right Foot behind,
 Bow'd to his steely Bow, and straining strong
 With the drawn String, both Ends together join'd,
 And aim'd his Shaft amidst th' entangled Throng;
 Out flew the scath'ry Fate, and whizz'd along:
 Full, 'twixt the Eyes of *Zabab's* rising Horse,
 The trembling Arrow struck the pendant Brass;
 And glancing thence with a declining Force,
 Did thro' his Left Thigh's flowing *Cuir* pass;
 Furrowing, it left behind a razy Wound,
 Whence trickling Streams bedew'd the crimson'd Ground:
 But as when sportive Huntsmen rowze a *Beast*,
 And the grim Beast, but half-provok'd, trots guiltless on *before*;
 If then some forward Spearman pierce his Side;
 Back turns the Savage with rapacious Haste,
 Whetting his Tusks, he foams with smartful Pride,
 Makes at his Foe behind the Bulhes plac'd,
 And plunging thro' the crackling Boughs lays all the Covert waste:
 So when hot *Zabab* felt the tingling Pain,
 And saw his smoking Blood the Valley stain;
 Like mounting *Fires* his rapid Spirits rise,
 And all his kindled Soul burns up, and flashes from his Eyes.
 Fearless he spurr'd his rushing Courser through,
 And to the Trench's Edge revengeful flew;
Hushai had now a second Arrow chose,
 When from his Sear impetuous *Zabab* rose,
 And rising, with resistless Force his dreadful Jav'lin throws:
 No tutelary Angel watch'd the thirsty Weapon's Flight;
 The Guilt of *Hushai's* *March* convey'd it right:
 In at the Left Eye driv'n with grinding Pain,
 It lodg'd, cross-quiv'ring, in the quaggy Brain;
 Down dropp'd the Warrior in a Moment dead,
 And 'gainst the Trench's Bottom pitch'd his Head:
 Thus haughty Slave, cry'd *Zabab* loud, thy *Hebrew* Friends may see
 Their destin'd Punishment begun in Thee.
 That said, his Shield he cross his Shoulders threw,
 And from the dang'rous Post, low-bending flew:
 Sudden the Balwark's Length throughout alarm'd,
 With rising Ranks of threat'ning Archers swarm'd:
 In vain the drifty Storms, thick-rattling fell,
 The proofy Buckler did their Points repel;
 The furious King escap'd, disdainful, through,
 And to the Vale in Sweats of Blood his panting Squadrons drew, &c.

Battle at the Bridge.

From BOOK VII.

NIGHT came, and o'er both Camps wide-mantling spread;
 Descending Shadows their moist Influence shed:
Gideon, with faithful *Abdiel* in his Tent,
 Held secret Conference on a bold Design:
Oreb, said he, with *Agag* join'd, comes on,
 And from the *Tyrian* Borders this Way bent,
 Must meet these heedless Rebels Northward gone:
 False and unworthy as they are, they are my Country's Sons,
 And in their Veins, howe'er corrupt, the Blood of *Israel* runs:
 If at small Distance we their Rear attend,
 We from Destruction may our Foes defend:
 Vengeance in Reach 'tis manly to remit,
 And punish *Ills* by heaping *Benefit*:
 Cautious and silent all the Bands prepare,
 And in the Depth of Night decamp with Speed:
 Crossing the Flood on Floats, laid o'er with Care,
 Take the broad Road that does to *Tabor* lead;
 Leave this dispos'd, upon the Rampart's Height,
 Guards to stand obnoxious, if their Spies come near:
 These sounding loud the Watches of the Night,
 The list'ning Foe shall think our Army here:
 So shall we gain the Hills e'er yet they wake,
 And safe, and secret, wholesome Measures take:
 Imperious, in Obedience *Abdiel* rose,
 And halted for th' important March the Cohorts to dispose.

Shimron mean-time the rallied Rebels led,
 And dumb with Doubt, march'd sullen at their Head;
 His anxious Bosom warring Thoughts torment,
 For while his pardon'd Guilt he conscious weigh'd,
 His rising Joy was dash'd with Discontent,
 That wav'ring Fortune had his Pride betray'd,
 And whom he *hated* most, his Saviour made:
 Slowly they march'd two Leagues down *Kisbon's* Flood,
 And on her Northern Border pass'd the Night,
 In the close Covert of a darksome Wood,
 Dry, horrid, vast, and awful for its Height!
 Down both the River's hilly Sides it spread,
 And shadowy, o'er her winding Margins bent,
 Divided by a broad Highway, which North to *Tabor* led,
 And both Ways to the Stream declin'd, with wide and steep Descent,
 Join'd by a spacious wooden Bridge, of high and vast Extent.

The lab'ring Day now struggled in its Birth,
 And smil'd with dawning Radiancy on the Earth;

When

When *Shimron* started at the near Alarms
 Of trampling Legions, and resounding Arms;
 Down the *North Road* march'd thick th' embattled Swarms;
Oreb and *Agag* from the *Tyrian Coast*,
 Sweeping along to join *Zalmuma's* Host;
Shimron transported, saw their Front appear;
 What (cry'd he loudly) shou'd th' Ambitious fear?
 Fortune, brave Followers! drives us on the Foe;
 To build our Vengeance on his Overthrow;
 Conquer we Here, and *Gideon* is o'erthrown;
 A double Vict'ry were at once our own.
 What Courage dares a Conqueror's With withstand?
Midian defeated, *Israel* we command:
 If ye wou'd triumph, O my Friends! be wise,
 Nor, when Fame beckons, be afraid to rise;
 Oft have I cut my Way thro' firmer Strength;
 Of late Chance foil'd us, but she smiles at length:
 Has *Shimron* had a thousand Lives to give,
 And does he now by shameful Pardon live?
 Sure there are none, whom Folly can delude,
 To call my Sense of Wrongs, *Ingratitude*;
 He must know Guilt, whom Pardon can befriend,
 I own no Mercy, 'till I first offend.
 Curse on his pompous Insolence of Grace,
 His Smile of Office, and his Arts of Place:
 Oh! 'twere a glorious Stroke to reach his Pride,
 Hurl back his Mercy in his hateful Face,
 And teach him, when our Worths are justly try'd,
 He will not be again in vain defy'd.

He ceas'd, and thro' th' astonish'd Legions ran
 A broken Murmur, like a faint Assent;
 A sighing Languor breaths from Man to Man,
 Born of Despair, and blown by Discontent.
Shimron, on either Side the Hill's Descent,
 Plac'd in the Wood eight thousand stretch'd in Length,
 To flank th' advancing Host, and break their Strength;
 While with four thousand, cross the broad Highway,
 At the Bridge-Head, betwixt the parted Wood,
 As if to guard th' important Pass they lay,
 Th' aspiring Chief Himself, discover'd, stood.
Agag in all War's wary Lessons learn'd,
 Soon as this Party he below discern'd,
 Stopp'd the descending Squadrons in their Speed,
 And thus to *Oreb* call'd, with well tim'd Heed:
 Prince, let us watchful move, for much I fear,
 Those *Hibrews*, who of late *Zalmuma* snar'd,
 For us some second Ambush, here,
 Among these bord'ring Coverts have prepar'd:
 Just is thy Caution, *Oreb* swift reply'd;
Hiram of *Midab*! Haste, thy Cohorts take,
 And while we scowr the Woods on either Side,
 Do thou march down, and yon bold *Phalaps* break;
 Keep back the Horse, nor let the Chariots move,
 Lest mingling rashly, they Confusion make,
 And wanting Room to wheel, obstructive prove.

He spoke, and leaping lightly to the Ground,
 Sent back his Courser, bounding, to the Rear;
 And to the *Right* drew short his Cohorts round,
 Bent on that Side, the shadowy Wood to clear:
Agag with equal Courage, equal Speed,
 Did to the *Left* his entering Squadrons lead;
 While, like a Torrent foaming from a Mill,
Hiram in *Front* pour'd, shouting, down the Hill.
 On all Sides now the kindling War took Fire,
Shimron and *Hiram* fierce alike, with unrestrain'd Desire,
 Rushing together, as their Fronts drew nigh,
 Met like two Thunders, striking as they fly,
 And scatt'ring sulph'rous Fragments thro' the Sky:
 Spears against Spears their glitt'ring Points oppose,
 And *pushing deadly* bend in struggling Close;
 Loud crack the bursting Staffs with splint'ry Strain,
 And useless Truncheons in the Hand remain:
 Some, which from Shields tough Plates rebounding fall,
 Strike out *Complaint* in Sparks of angry Fire;
 Others burst pond'rous thro' the jointed Mail,
 And stain'd with Blood, hang rangling in the Wire,
 Where Spears miss mutual, there the Spear-men meet,
 And Breast to Breast, in stagger'ing Contest, greet;
 Bright, from their Sides, the flashing Paulichions fly,
 Waving aloft in swift and horrid Blaze,
 Fatal as Lightning's Blasts, descend from high,
 And cleave, and pierce, and kill a thousand Ways.
 Shouts, Groans, and Words confus'd together rise,
 And deaf'ning Clamour labours up the Skies.
 Bending, and pressing on to Death, still where they stand, they bleed,
 None doubt, none gain, none tire, and none recede.

Thus they, whom *Shimron's* Presence had inspir'd,
 Or whom his terrible *Example* fir'd:
 Not so the far more num'rous Bands, who stood
 Stretch'd in two Flanks along th' adjoining Wood;
 Not sooner melts soft Wax before the Fire,
 Not from met *Storms* driv'n Clouds more swift retire,
 Than fled on either Side those heartless Bands,
 Before th' assaulting King's destructive Hands.
 As when two Hives, which, opposite, some Garden's Walk adorn'd,
 Are by a sudden Blast at once o'erturn'd,
 Frighted, the clust'ring Swarms rise dark, and in the Center meet;
 Buzzing, and hovering in a shadowy Sheet;
 So in the *Mist* the *Hebrews* met, long doubtful what to do,
 At length swift rushing tow'rd the *Bridge* they flew;
 Pressing and crowding, while their Foes pursue:
Shimron stood firm, like some strong Oak, that stops the groaning Wind,
 And let th' escaping Throng pass, mix'd, behind;
 But as fierce Land-Floods, rolling o'er the Ground,
 Tear up the Turf, and plow th' uncover'd Clay,
 And rushing headlong on with warry Sound,
 Widen their Roads, and ear their Paths away:
 So by Degrees his own brave Files declin'd,
 And with the flying Train ignobly join'd.

As on a grassy Down, when Sheep take Flight,
 And through some bushy Gap thick-bleeding fly,
 Wedge, they press, rush close, and bounding light,
 Wild o'er each other, the whole Flock skips high;
 So, crowding o'er the Bridge, and lab'ring through,
 Rank urging Rank, the pouring Cohorts flew.
 Sad, on th' unpeopled Deserts of the East,
 A Traveller, whom whirling Winds surprise,
 Stands, while the Scorn in circling Rage, encrease,
 With rising Hills of Dust, obscures the Skies,
 And blows a transient Blindness round his Eyes:
 But when the dark'ning Storms their Force assuage,
 Looks diligent, on all Sides round, to chuse his doubtful Way:
 So *Shimren*, when the Throng had pass'd him by,
 Threw, round his Station, a discov'ring Eye:
 But when he saw none left but Chiefs of Name,
 Men, who had follow'd him, through Hopes of Fame,
 Nor now, forsook him, at th' Approach of Shame:
 Shock'd at the Sight, his stubborn Soul gave way,
 And while the Median Bands, whose Form was broke,
 Fell back to rally, by a short Delay,
 Thus to his Captains, sighing sad, he spoke:
 Leave me at last, my brave unhappy Friends!
 Nor your lost Leader's Misery partake;
 This Day, the wretched *Shimren's* Sorrow ends.
 Oh! stay not to be slaughter'd for my Sake:
 No longer, now, my fruitless Will rebels;
 Or *Gidem's* Genius, or his *God*, excels:
 I have deceiv'd you by a Hope too weak:
 Go then, ——— your Country's great *Deliverer* seek;
 Say, my Repentance is, at last, sincere;
 And lest new Guilt should make his Thoughts severe,
 Tell him, I strove to leave Atonement here:
 Tho' *His* safe Mercy my late Crime forgot,
 His *God* strikes for him, and forgets it not:
 Break down the Bridge behind me, while I stand,
 Defending those, who fled from my Defence:
 Haste, generous Friends! obey this last Command:
 Diff'rent the Fates of Guilt and Innocence:
 Once more be happy! with my parting Breath,
 How *Shimren* lov'd you, gather from his Death.

He ceas'd, and while in Tears his Followers gaz'd,
 Silent with Sorrow, and with Doubt amaz'd;
 Let my Example then, said he, display,
 How I expect you shou'd my Words obey.
 So saying, from his Side, as *he* he drew,
 The jointed Rail-work of the Bridge to hew;
 Forc'd by his urg'd Command, the Chiefs behind,
 Averse, compleat the Ruin he design'd;
 Torn from the Sides, they wrench the morris'd Frame;
 And from the Bottom, toil, with rending Aim,
 Till the cross Beams they from their Station heave,
 And a wide Yawn bare to the River leave:
 Still, as they drag the Timbers from their Place,
Shimren high piles them in the narrow'd Space,

Across the Bridge, within the new-made Breach,
To guard th' Approach from *Midian's* threatening Reach,
There, as behind a Bulwark, firm he stood,
Resolv'd, till Death, to make the Barrier good.

Hiram, who first discern'd his bold Design,
Sprung, like a *Panther*, from his half form'd Line;
Fast after him, impatient Numbers ran,
A gath'ring Army, gainst a single Man.
First, a thick Show'r of whizzing Darts they cast,
Some his Shield stopp'd, the rest *errant* past.
Next, cross the Barricade, while close they press,
They push'd long Lances at his burning Breast;
These he, behind, evades, by stooping low,
Then, rising sudden, at th' unwary Foe,
His flanting Sword, struck upward as he rose,
Left their Spears headless, with uperring Blows.
Provok'd at last, and urg'd by Shame and Rage,
They climb the Beams more nearly to engage,
Rushing at once, a mingled Storm of Swords and Shouts, they rise,
As pond'rous Hail, in rumbling Thunder, flies.
But as the baited Bear, with lifted Paws,
Sits grim, and barking Dogs at Distance awes,
Till driv'n by Shouts, which urge the Fray begun,
Close on the rugged Savage, fierce they run;
Then, rowling dreadful, he for Blood prepares,
And with stretch'd Claws and grinning Teeth, th' unequal Biting tears:
So, *Shimron*, now he saw the Foe advanc'd within full Reach,
Leap'd, like a *Whirlwind*, from the guarded Breach,
High on the Barrier's Top, grown madly strong,
His desp'rate Courage met the starting Throng;
With sever'd Limbs he screws the Pile, and Tides of recent Blood
Ebb, in long Drops, betwixt the Beams, and streak the rapid Flood.
Aloft, conspicuous, from both hostile Sides,
Tempestuous War, in all her Fierceness, rides:
To more than humane Violence engag'd,
Shimron, victorious, half a Host engag'd,
As sudden Gusts bear down the bending Fars,
And the bow'd Field, in circling Blasts, one diff'ring Flat appears;
So, from his Arm, on every Side, shrunk back the cowering Train,
Or strove to rise, against his Strength, in vain.

At length, his Sword, amidst a thund'ring Stroke,
From a well-temper'd Helm rebounding, broke;
Then, with fresh Shouts, th' encourag'd Foe press'd on,
Shimron, amaz'd, look'd wild, and glaring round,
His blazing Eyes with dazzling Fierceness throned,
And his skill'd Rage new Choice of Weapons found;
From the loose Heap, huge raft'ry Logs he drew,
And round his Head th' enormous Ruin swung,
Some, with their sweepy Violence, o'erthrew,
And others, who with panting Grasp to the Bridge-Border clung,
Heav'd by the Legs, he tumbled o'er, and headlong downward flung.
Hiram watch'd wary, and discern'd a Chance,
Which lent Occasion to his wish'd Advance.

Shimron, who aim'd amidst a pond'rous Blow,
 Stagg'ring, unwary did his Hold forego :
Hiram leapt in, and to firm Grapple prest,
Shimron beholds the glitt'ring Sword point dreadful, at his Breast,
 And, closing fierce, clasp'd hard his straining Foe,
 To Death together, loud he cry'd, together let us go.
 With that strong struggling to the Bridge's Side,
 He plung'd, so join'd, amidst the foaming Tide ;
 The sounding Waters cleav'd with washy Roar,
 And, with returning Swallow, whelm'd them o'er :
 Not the chang'd Element can cool their Flame ;
 Ev'n in the Flood, their Contest holds the same.
 There, while they float, and *Hiram* topmost lay,
 To the sought Life, his Sword makes fatal Way ;
 In at the Mouth, it sudden Passage found,
 And Death gain'd Entrance through the bobbling Wound :
 Red flows the Stream, and trailly marks the Place,
 And the dim Chief, grown faint with Pain, slow loosens his Embrace :
Hiram, triumphant, cuts the fluent Waves,
 Swims to the Shore, and Life and Honour saves.

Now had the *Midian* Legions, rang'd in File,
 In a long Column fill'd the broken Bridge ;
 And bulied to remove th' incumb'ring Pile,
 Hung, like a Comet, o'er the dreadful Ridge ;
 Bright in their Front, *Oreb* and *Agar* shone,
 Replac'd old Beams, and from the Wood brought new,
 And with a fierce Impatience urg'd them on,
 The Breach to cover, and their Foe pursue :
 Mean-time, the *Hebrews* wing'd with driving Fear,
 Up the south Road, in dusty Clamour flew,
 And seem'd to feel the Deaths they saw so near :
 When, as strange Fires, discern'd by Night, alarm the distant View,
 On the Hill's Top, before them spread, they look'd with wild Amaze,
 And saw th' advancing Arms of *Gideon* blaze.
 He, who has seen a Flock of straggling Sheep,
 Rush from their Driver up some devious Steep,
 Where, on the Brow, the watchful Dog starts out,
 And hunts them downward in a gen'ral Rout.
 Who this has seen, may judge what sudden Fright
 Turn'd the stop'd *Hebrews* at their Guardian's Sight :
 Trembling a-while, and shrinking back, they gaz'd with conscious Shame ;
 But when they found that to their Aid he came,
 Wild with their *Joy's* tumultuous Force they stood,
 And rais'd a Shout, that shook the sounding Wood :
 Mournful, the Chiefs to *Gideon* now relate
Shimron's last Message, and his glorious Fall.
 Guilt, well aton'd, the Hero cry'd, how'er it drew down Fate !
 So, to be lost, I scarce a Mis'ry call ;
 Let his Crimes die ; his End has cancel'd all.
 Unguarded Passions did his Virtues shade,
 And ruin'd Worth most Pity claims, where Nature fails her Aid.

He said, and halting on the Hill's Descent,
 Stretch'd a close *Phalanx* cross, from Wood to Wood ;
 With order'd Spears, and Bows for Battle bent,
 In dazzling Line, the *Hebrew* Cohorts stood ;

Low,

Low, on a narrow Space, which *even* lay,
 From the Hill's foot, to *Kilbon's* rapid Flood,
 The *Midian* Squadrons passing thick, drew up in deep Array,
 And watch'd their Signal to rush up to Blood :
 'Twixt the two hostile Fronts, the hanging Hill,
Shimron's late-routed Legions loosely fill ;
 Uniform'd, unmeaning, yet no more afraid ;
 By *Gideon's* Presence new-inspir'd, and conscious of his Aid.
 Down mov'd the Hero, through th' encumber'd Throng,
 With Arm uplifted, and with Voice strain'd high ;
Form trac'd his Footsteps, as he pass'd along,
 And *Order* watch'd the Motions of his Eye ;
 As when *Creation* first from *Chaos* rose,
 And o'er th' unactive *Waste* the *Spirit's* breath'd,
Commission'd Light did her fair Face disclose,
 And struggl'd upward, with blind Darkness wreath'd.
 Then spoke th' *Eternal Word*, and on each Side,
 Th' unelosing Spires relax their Curls, and *Day* from *Night* divide ;
 So *Gideon's* Influence, Heav'n-inspir'd, went out,
 And call'd forth *Form* from undistinguish'd *Row* :
 To Right and Left, in equal Cohorts rang'd,
 The op'ning Concourse into Squares he drew,
 And with enliv'ning Gesture pass'd them through :
Abdiel, said he, &c. —

As when a Fire, on both Sides, burns a Street,
 The struggling Flames rise, arch'd, and strain to meet ;
 The Space, between, shines fearful to the Sight,
 And glares destructive from each bord'ring Light :
 So now, 'twixt *Gideon's* Front and *Oreb's* Line,
 A small, but dreadful, Interval remain'd ;
 Shouts answering Shouts, urg'd high th' expected Sign,
 While scarce th' impatient Bands their Heat restrain'd :
 Shook *Spears*, thick rattling, threaten from afar ;
 Clash'd *Swords* bray dreadful, from the ringing Shield :
 Trumpets shrill Calls provoke the ling'ring War,
 And the big Drum the Drum defies, and shakes the thund'ring Field.

Burning of the Bridge.

From BOOK VIII.

WHILE thus, in ev'ry Part, the Battle glows,
Pharez, unhappy *Shimron's* Orphan-Boy,
 Felt his Lord's Suff'rings check his promis'd Joy
 Anxious to learn his Patron's doubtful Woes,
 So late of Honour, and of Place bereft,
 Safe, with the Tents, on the Hill's Summit left,

Wildly he wander'd down the woody Shade,
 Where, far within, upon the Left,
 He found *Adoran's* Cohorts closely laid:
 From these the weeping Youth heard *Shimron's* Fate;
 And how his breathless Body, dragg'd ashore,
 Was stript of the refulgent Arms he wore,
 And cast, again, a loose and guidless Freight,
 To float, neglected, on the Stream, a Mark of hostile Hate;
 Thoughtless of Safety, and by Sorrow led,
 He sought the River's Brink, with careless Tread;
 Sighs, as he went, his struggling Heart oppress'd,
 And trickling Tears roll'd, briny, down his Breast:
 His Hands now wrung, his Arms now upward spread,
 Now o'er his Bosom hangs his pensive Head;
 Against the Current, slow with mournful Stalk,
 Searchful, he guides his bleak and winding Walk;
 Where breaking Surges lash'd the sounding Sand,
 At ev'ry oozy *Reach* he made a Stand,
 And measur'd, with devouring Eye, the moist and mazy Strand:

High from the broken Bank, which edg'd his Right,
 Wind-waving Flags, and reedy Coverts rose;
 Betwixt their mournful Shade, obscur'd he goes,
 Secure from Danger, nor expos'd to Sight:
 At length, so *hid*, beneath the *Bridge* he came,
 Where Summer's scorching Rays had shrunk the Tide;
 And left a Breadth of dry Descent, unflow'd, on either Side:
 He view'd the *Beams*, that bound the massy Frame;
 The *Posts*, which, where he, near the Bridge-foot stood,
 Were *short*, and scarce allow'd him Room upright,
 But toward the Stream grew still more tall, and thicken'd to a Wood;
Without the shelter Scene, huge Flags dim'd o'er th' imperfect Light,
 Loud o'er his Head, and on each Side, from far,
 Roar'd all th' unheeded Thunder of the War;
 Here, wandering pensive, at his Feet he spy'd
 A floating Corps, half-wash'd, upon the Strand,
 Driv'n by the Waves against a *Post's* rough Sides;
 In half-buoy'd Heaves the lifeless Limbs lay, beating, on the Sand.
 High on the dusky Beach, with panting Heart,
 The mournful Youth, th' unbending Body drew;
 But backward fled surpriz'd, with thiv'ring Start,
 When *Shimron's* well-known Features struck his View.
 His clench'd Right-Hand still seem'd his Sword to grasp,
 His Arm stiff-bent, stood threat'ning, ev'n in *Death*;
 Half-shut, his glazy Eyes shone moist, his Lips were strain'd to gasp,
 Nor ought of Life seem'd absent, but the *Breath*:
 He bore strong Marks of *Rage*, by Force suppress'd,
 And pale Distortion ev'ry Limb possess'd.

Pharez, in distant Horror stood and gaz'd,
 Afflicted, trembling, weeping and amaz'd!
 Near, and more near, by slow Degrees, he drew,
 And hung, distracted, o'er the wounding View:
 His Arms expanded, he, with down-fix'd Eyes,
 New-bathes the Body with a briny Flood;

Art thou then Dead? Thus sadly Dead? he cries,
 And weeps thy *Pharez* any Tears but *Blood*?
 Can Life give Comforts, now, *thou* liv'st no more?
 Or, shoud' I wish to live, though Joys might flow,
 Now, *thou* art lost, to whom all Joys I owe?
 Thou, whose kind Pity shelter'd me from Woe,
 Whose Breast, compassionate, my Burthens bore:
 Thou, who permittedst me no Care to know;
 Thou, who from Want and Scorn my Life didst free,
 And all that mighty Load of Ills, which weigh down Poverty:
 Thou, who, in such an Age cou'dst graceful be,
 And bid'st a ruin'd Orphan find, *Father* and *Friend* in Thee.
 What should I live for? 'Tis a World of Shame!
 See *here* the bloody End of *martial Fame*!
 Wretched the Period, yet the Labour vast!
 A thousand Toils, a thousand Dangers past,
 Thus may I come to die at last:
 And, what, less dreadful, boasts the *Civil State*?
 'Tis a worse Mis'ry still, the peaceful Aim!
 To be a *Father*, and rear *Sons* for *Woe*!
 Doom'd Innocents, to feed the Sword of some un pitying Foe!
 This, *this*, ye Gods! My Father's dreadful Fate!
 How are ye *Just* then to the Mortal State?
 If ever *virtuous* Mortal claim'd your Care,
 'Twas *he*, that wise, that good, that reverend Man!
 Or, if the *Brave* and *Great* your Fav'rites are,
Shimron, in *Glory's* Race, still foremost ran!
 Now, see the bloody Marks of Honour's Prize:
 See, see! how pale, how cold, how ghastly here he lies!
 Then, stoop not, Soul! the World's false Hopes to prize,
 But know, that *he's* most bless'd who soonest dies!
 Oh, well resolv'd! — Stay, gen'rous Shade! I will not leave thee so!
 I may, perhaps, o'ertake thee when I rise.
 Though *wish* thee I am come too late to go.

So saying, from his Side, with furious Air,
 He drew the rash Man's Cordial for Despair;
 The glitt'ring Point was level'd at his Breast,
 When, by a *Flash* of Doubt possess'd,
 He sheath'd again th' arrested Blade, and this new Fear express'd,
 But can no nobler Way be found?
 Must our forsaken Bodies *thus* be left,
 As well of Honour, as of Life bereft?
 Must they, expos'd upon uncertain Ground,
 Wash'd by the *Waves*, a Prey for *Fishes* ly?
 Or, from the bright, and all-discov'ring Sky,
 Call down the ravenous *Vultures* as they fly?
Beasts perish *thus*, and thus low *Reptiles* dy.
 No; there's a nobler Course to steer;
 Consuming *Flame* shall save us from that Fear,
 Enwrap our melting Flesh, and tow'ring high,
 Bear us, entire, to a sublimer Sphere.

Near, as he spoke, his penetrating Eye,
 Close-rang'd, beneath the Bridge's roofy Breadth,
 Discern'd a Heap of girted Reeds pil'd high,
 Left by some poor laborious *Hind*, to save unbroke and dry.

Teil.

Toilsome he lifts, and careful, places right,
 Amidst their Top, his Patron's breathless Weight;
 Then, slow, betwixt the Posts, directs his Sight,
 Till a light Remnant of old Beam he found,
 Which, like dry Touchwood, rotted on the Ground:
 He chose two Flints, and strove with many a Stroke,
 Fire from their joint Percussion to excite;
 Thick o'er the sapless Wood, flash'd Sparklings broke;
 At last, thin Threads of Smoke rose pale from Specks of kindling Light:
 Low, on his Hands and Knees, sad Pharez fell,
 And blew th' unwilling Sparks to meeting Blaze;
 Then lighting up the reedy Bottom well,
 High, on the Heap, his Breast o'er Shimron's lays;
 Anxious, he look'd about on ev'ry Side,
 To watch with Joy, the climbing Mischief rise;
 And when he saw the smoky Clouds, in Triumph, round him ride,
 And shut the exterior Prospect from his Eyes;
 'Tis done! he cry'd; 'Tis done! Now Shimron, now,
 Receive thy Pharez! to thy Breast I bow!
 So saying, deep he plung'd the piercing Steel,
 The spouting Blood gush'd willing from the Wound;
 The Mists of Death, and smothering Smoke, all Objects now conceal;
 But his clasp'd Patron still his Arms surround,
 And his expiring Grasp the Body bound;
 While thus, beneath the Bridge, lost Pharez dy'd,
 Its Top, from End to End, was heap'd with War;
 Mingled the Parties fought, with deathful Pride,
 Inextricably wedg'd, by Number's Bar:
 Th' encrescing Fire, mean Time, eat wide below,
 And in still Avarice stole from Beam to Beam;
 Twixt the old Timbers, creeping broad, it gather'd Force to grow,
 Then shot on either Side, a blazing Stream:
 Fierce rose the forky Flames, in crackly Sway,
 But o'er the Bridge, retortive, met on high;
 Twisted in blazy Wreaths, they drove their Way,
 And tow'r'd in sparkly Triumph to the Sky:
 Scarce was the dreadful Chance distinctly known;
 And struggling Crowds press'd ev'ry Way for Life,
 When, on a sudden, through their pond'rous Scree,
 Down broke the South End, 'midst a gen'ral Groan;
 The half-burnt Posts, decay'd and weak before,
 Gave way beneath th' encount'ring Weight they bore;
 Friends, Foes, Arms, Ensigns, and the rending Frame,
 Involv'd in Smoke, with hideous Crash, sunk, mingled in the Flame.

The Hebrew Bands, with loud and frightful Cry,
 Warn'd their lov'd Gen'ral of the threatening Scene,
 Distant they view'd him cross the Flames, plac'd high,
 But parted by a burning Gulph between:
 Press'd and encompass'd by a Crowd of Foes,
 He show'r'd in Tempest his destructive Blows;
 Rais'd on th' endanger'd Chariot, to repel
 Th' outrageous Climbers, he o'erlabour'd stood,
 Headlong in Heaps, repuls'd, th' Assaulters fell,
 Plung'd from the Rail, amidst the foaming Flood:

More than a *Man*, th' exerted Chief appear'd,
 Th' advancing Foes, at once ador'd and fear'd :
 Ev'n his own Captains oft their Help with-hold,
 And fix'd in horrid Gaze, *admiring stand* :
 Apt as the *Tiger*, as the *Lion* bold,
 His *Eyes*, *Feet*, *Sword*, turn'd swift on ev'ry Hand :
 As when provok'd, a *Serpent's* slipp'ry Tongue
 Shoots forth incessant, and some Foe defies,
 The rapid Motion cheats th' Observer's Eyes,
 And ~~three~~ red Tongues, instead of *one*, supplies :
 So, the swift Radiance of his flashful Blade,
 Keen as descending Lightning, round him play'd
 In multiply'd and restless *Wave*, on ev'ry Side, shot warm,
 And lent a *Legion's* Terror to the Arm.

But while unwearied War's chief Weight he bore,
Agag's rang'd Cohorts from the Northern Shore,
 Behind him mark'd the smoaky Volumes rise,
 And watch'd th' Ascent with Hope and glad Surprise ;
 Tow'ring sublime, and wid'ning more and more,
 High on the Wind the driving Flame rode, whirling up the Skies ;
 This, when they view'd, and heard the *Hebrews* Cries,
 Clam'rous, to Heav'n a pealy Shout they raise,
 And with unruly Swells of Joy, point wanton at the Blaze.
Gideon look'd back, and saw th' encircling Flame ;
 Toward him, with eating Slope, bright Ruin came ;
 O'er his plum'd Head, a fiery Arch roll'd high,
 Whence, bursting broad, with show'ry Crack, th' emissive Sparkles fly.
 As one who leans against a tow'ry Wall,
 When some strong Earthquake rends the yawning Ground,
 Behind, felt *Heav'nings* warn the Turret's Fall ;
 Before, huge Hills are swallow'd up, with wild and bellowing Sound ;
 Th' encircling Horrors all his Thoughts confound :
 Amaz'd, he knows not where to tread, but looks, despairing, round :
 So, from the Chariot's long contested Seat,
 The Hero view'd, perplex'd, his dang'rous Seat ;
 Fire, Foes and Stream, for his Destruction meet,
 And emulous, dispute th' important Fate.
 Already his, &c.



The End of the SPECIMEN.

